

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

## DEMOCRACY RESPONSIBLE.

There is a great deal of soreness in Kansas over the past month's developments at Topeka. The bitterness being evinced through the columns of the newspapers does not come from Republicans. It's Demo-Pop bile filtered through Pop journals. The howl is from the victims who elected that horde of impracticals, together with its allotment of political plunderers and senile fakes who are now dominating the affairs of the state at Topeka. Men who probably from honest convictions and a desire for reform, helped to place Leedy and his gang in power are growing uneasy in their disgust, and are seeking to be heard through the columns of Republican papers. The Eagle is in receipt of three communications, written within the week, by Populists, protesting and appealing by turns to that aggregation at Topeka whose majority dream that they hold the destinies of the state in their grasp. We are not a Pop organ. The writers being honest and decent men, have our sympathies, but we can't help them. Pop people don't read the Eagle, and if they did they would spurn any advice coming through its columns. Such friends of propriety must grin and bear it. It is all their own work, not ours. The Republican party or its leaders may at times appear in reprehensible attitudes, but they never lose their heads, nor a decent regard for the proprieties. There are skunks in the Republican party, but so there are in every party, notwithstanding the seeming that the entire lot were elected to the legislature last fall. We grant that we would feel a little more comfortable under the mountain menace of fool bills was the supreme court of the state somewhat differently constituted. Anything that that legislature may pass will probably be held to be constitutional, which probably constitutes the principal danger, and we may have to sweat it out for a season. But seasons do not last always, and the people of the state will know more for their Pop experience, even if it does come a little high. One correspondent bewails the insanity of trying to regulate woman's dress by statute. Another points out the folly and danger of incorporating the state into a gigantic insurance company. And one, claiming to be a Pop, and who is evidently a lawyer, vehemently sets his face against the "referendum" racket, holding it to be in opposition to the federal constitution and quoting high authorities.

We will all know more of the results and failures of that legislature twenty days hence, at which time our correspondents, with all the other inhabitants of the state, will be wiser, if not happier. As for the governor, he seems to consist principally of backbone, all spine and no brains. Leedy is the exact counterpart of Morrill. Probably for that reason he was elected. The Democrats who did it and who are now being kicked for their pains, probably appreciate the fact the most emphatically.

## WILL STILL BE THE ISSUE.

It seems to be dawning upon the minds of a number of Republican leaders that the demand for bimetalism was not of Populist inspiration, and that it was still remains a deep-drawn conviction. It is, in short, coming to be believed that something must be speedily and emphatically done by the incoming administration for the reinstatement of true bimetalism. Along with that conviction is the knowledge that the defeat of the Republican party over such an issue would probably mean permanent retirement. Congressman Calderhead of Kansas, a goldbug, astonished the house committee on banking and currency the other day by declaring that it would be dangerous and might prove the first step to financial if not social revolution, to grant Carnegie, Pitt Armour and a dozen other multi-millionaires a charter for an international bank with branches, and all with unlimited capital.

The speech of Senator Chandler, published in the Eagle yesterday morning, is another pointer. The senator did not mince his words nor veil his convictions. He simply held that the single standard has got to go, or otherwise that the party which attempts to maintain it will go also. No political proposition could be more clear in the face of existing conditions and of disastrous shrinkage. England drove the nail in India, and Carlisle, at the beck of Wall Street, clinched it in Washington. The contest is between the warm life-blood of the people and the cold greed of aggregated wealth, and something is going to happen. The storm may be a terrific one, but the plutocrat, not the people, will be swept away by it.

Senator Hear, another goldbug, is being criticized by New York and his own Massachusetts papers for his admissions on the floor of the senate a week or so ago, in which he declared that not only America but that the people of western Europe are demanding the rehabilitation of silver. The senator is an old man, but he may live to see it an accomplished fact. Senator Chandler in warning the Republican party simply desired to know what the next administration proposed to do.

The coming issue, an issue which will overshadow all others, is the money issue, and that involves the settlement of the silver question. The declaration that the last election settled the whole matter is misleading, is untrue. There is no question which so interests the entire people. A minority can be squeaked, but a universal wrong cannot be compromised.

## DEEP DIPLOMACY AND DR. DEPEW

The principal acquisitions of, or requirements for, a successful ambassadorship to the court of St. James seem to inhere in the capacity to eat a good dinner and then to follow it up with a talking talk. These constitute the diplomatic knack for which Uncle Sam pays a seventeen thousand five hundred dollar salary with as much more for

conditions and contingencies. New York wants the ambassadorship to England and Dewey fills the bill demanded for the position better than any other New Yorker. So the chances are that at the swell spreads given in this country for the next four years Chauncey Mitchell Dewey will be conspicuous for his absence. He is an awful eater and an interminable talker. He knows more good chestnutty old stories than any man in America and can tell them in a way which will have more fetch to them than any arbitration treaty. If he goes over to take Bayard's place, which seems now probable, his jokes and puns and smoke-the-fur-the-right-way talks will be daily cabled for four years to come. That he will capture the Widow Witten, and feed her son, the Prince of Wales, on brandied peaches, is a foregone conclusion.

## THOSE NAKED SPANISH GIRLS.

Illustration is ruining the modern newspaper. It is impossible to evolve art effects from a perfecting press, by using a combination of cheap tar and molasses for ink and each individual press running at the rate of 25,000 an hour. This would hold true even if artists designed and executed the so-called engravings from which the printing is done. But the average illustration of the daily newspaper is but a few horrible cuts and slashes delivered in a blind kind of a delirium, and then the daub of tar. A few papers, like the New York World, essay colors. These at best are but mixed splashes thrown at haphazard. There is no instruction or elucidation in any of this illustrated work. They but take up valuable space which might much better be devoted to sense, and appeal only to the vulgar and the unrefined. It is these classes for whose nickels these papers are principally printed. And so we have the modern newspaper with illustrations run mad. Richard Harding Davis detailed an outrage, permitted on an American vessel, down by Cuba, the other day, in which some Spanish officers, under the American flag, stripped three young women in order to search them for papers. The picture which Davis drew of the scene was vivid enough, yet one of these illustrated New York dailies reproduces the whole thing, or as its artist (?) imagined it, and the result is a horrible daub of tar and molasses representing nude women standing surrounded by men in uniforms supposed to be Spanish, with stars and stripes floating in blackness above.

## ABOUT MRS. BEECHER.

Thirty years ago Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, then the wife of the world's most famous preacher, was quoted much as a progressive woman, yet one who held to home duties. Later, she wrote considerable for the magazines. For years, however, her name has seldom or only incidentally appeared in print. She now lies on her death-bed, it is said. It will soon be the tenth anniversary of the death of her famous husband, who died March 8, 1887. Mrs. Beecher is now in her eighty-fifth year. He died in his seventy-fourth year. She was his senior by one year at the time of their marriage, she having met her future husband through a brother who was a classmate of Henry Ward's at Amherst. The fledgling minister bought the wedding ring with the money he received for his first public address. Their struggles during the early years of their married life have been preserved in Mrs. Beecher's book, "From Dawn to Daylight; a Simple Story of a Western Home." It may truthfully be said that much of the husband's after success was due to the self-denial and sympathy of his wife in those days of dawning ambition before the daylight of fame.

Greatness has its drawbacks. Major McKinley is already called upon to divide up that first year's \$50,000 salary with his physician.

It is plain to be seen that no matter which one is liked, he is going to lay it on old Mr. Attitude and insist on trying it again at sea level.

The two big Catholic counties of Oklahoma defeated Flynn. It is to be hoped that the Catholics are now pleased with Mr. Callahan's legislature.

Old Bill Rogers has been confirmed as regent of the State university. It is an important place and Rogers is a holy terror. Ad Astra per asinabine.

Speaking of fighting, Corbett says: "I like to commence carefully and feel my man." Before doing that on March 11 he might better get Fitz's permission first.

Topeka lawyers declare the Bolkin bill perfectly constitutional. It is not intended that it shall pass. It was introduced by the member of Reno county for a nasty joke.

If Mr. Chandler were president he would know just how to do it. Having sent Mr. Wolcott to Europe and Wolcott having failed, what would President Chandler do next?

Did Omnipotence by allowing Mr. Mayhams' son to die before he could reach him on the fastest train that ever ran in the world, mean a moral as to the impotence of money?

If the Missouri legislature want to meet legislators, unlike the Kansas outfit, let them call at Guthrie and they can line up and have a what-you-have-this-time-boys time of it.

The Kansas legislators got back from the stock yards with nothing on their faces but a look of fright and nothing on their breath but the perfectly legal and proper odor of onions.

The Oklahoma Pope who have challenged the Pope want Leo to understand distinctly that they have a chaplain who talks to heaven every day and does not feel the least embarrassment.

We fear that nothing can stay the hand of the Kansas legislature from turning the spirit of progress back three hundred years by passing the bill to prevent the display in public of secret society buttons.

The Crete business is a bad mess. If the English admiral goes too far, Prince George will tell his grandma on him; if the Russian admiral is funny, the czar will know, and so on. There is more relationship in Europe than there is in the Pop administration at Topeka.

## Stories of an Inland State.

The man music-teacher, Algernon Burr, being shunned by the town at large as an imbecile, had few social callers. There is a prophecy that the fellow, when a man is down in a community, riots in furnishing evidence to keep him down.

One of Burr's few friends was an instrument of this kind in the hands of Fate. Having been convicted of being an imbecile by the community it was unfortunate that Burr's chief caller should be "simple." McGraw's congenial advances to the man music-teacher were viewed with hilarity by the common police, which saw in the proof of a belief that birds of a feather will flock together.

McGraw was a rather aged Irishman whose misfortune consisted in having a stomach more staid than his head. A Whisky had, some years before, attacked both. The brain made a wavering stand but fell back disordered and disabled. The stomach stood up gallantly under fire and refused to budge a step backward.

It so happened that McGraw was still in possession of an astounding capacity for liquor without the ability to do much thinking. Being bereft of mental exercise, he soon drifted into idleness, which is probably the natural condition of man-and-loafed.

By a close application to this task he soon became supreme in that particular line and arrived at the title of the "town-loafer." Loading "without visible means of support" is a high art. It is entirely distinct from vagrancy, for vagrancy involves travel, and locomotion, to the expert loafer, is as repugnant as a flaw in a stone is to a diamond expert.

As a loafer, McGraw was an expert. Few understood his methods. These were his own secrets, and as dear to him as those of Sir Francis Bacon's, varnishing and joining, were to him.

"How does that loafer McGraw live?" citizens and tax-payers had asked of one another time and time again. No one ever answered. The police had been asked, but they would not. Their secrets, too, are professional. Still a close study of McGraw's habits might have revealed, to the tax-payers, some suspicion of his means of livelihood. His fondness for certain varieties of the late war was a good clue, but no one ever took it up. Sherlock Holmes could not have avoided discovering that in the month of January, McGraw's attendance on Comrade Banks waxed warm and grew cold by February, that in February and March, his consuming love of conviviality attached itself to the presence of Comrade Roach; that in April, May and June he swung steadily about and into the train of Comrade York. Then it would begin with the first again and travel through the list of three, the convivial affection growing in duration until it reached its greatest length with Comrade York again the last of December.

This evidence was patent. This mastered and the rest would have been merely supposition, unless access could have been had to McGraw's books. Expert loafers labor hard to keep books. It involves labor which is repugnant, and unloved. But McGraw kept a book which no one but himself ever saw. It was a small yellow-back memorandum published as an advertisement by some patent medicine house. There were three entries in this book. McGraw was a member of the Comrade Banks reformed in the thoughts of McGraw exchanged with him, over a glass of hot whisky, paid for by Banks. The war left Comrade Banks one arm. McGraw was a capitalist, and complete gratification the remaining member he always been striving tirelessly to do the work of both, in this way:

Comrade Banks had waved his hand fearfully over the table and said:

"McGraw, do you think they would do it? No. And if they should, McGraw, what would happen?"

It was not McGraw's place to answer and he knew it.

"We would whip 'em clean out of existence in the first brush. What would we do with 'em on the sea, McGraw?"

McGraw as before was silent.

"Sink 'em like bags of bullets full of fat," said McGraw.

As the speaker ceased the arm gestulated independently for a moment, having caught the velocity of the speech and being unable to stop. He continued: "What would we do for general, McGraw? What would we do, McGraw? Why, every old codger like me would have the youngsters like veterans in a week with training 'em, McGraw."

This able conversation between Comrade Banks and McGraw had for its theme the constant belief of Comrade Banks that the South would some day attempt a second secession. McGraw was not an old soldier. But he was congenial to Banks. His silence was so refreshing and so confirmatory of all he said, that he loved him like a brother.

When Comrade Banks had departed, McGraw, happy under the effects of the hot whisky and the free lunch which went with it, shuttled his legs and climbed the stairs leading to the "room" of Algernon Burr, the man music-teacher. There were no pupils there and McGraw sat down in a chair and said to Burr:

"Play something soft-like."

The man music-teacher recognized a friend in the loafer. He sat down at the instrument and played away.

McGraw's eyes closed and his head dropped. The man loved music.

When the teacher had finished, McGraw asked:

"Mr. Burr, what would you call that?"

"It is Beethoven's Farewell to the Piano-forte."

"Whose forte?" With a slight memory of Comrade Banks.

"To the piano. His last piece to this instrument, to his piano-sort of a good-bye."

"Do you suppose he wrote it and that ended it with the piano?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you think after he got it finished, he went to the piano and tried it just to see how it would sound?"

"Perhaps."

"What if he played it a second time?"

"Why?"

"Then it wouldn't be a fare-you-well. It would be just like any other piece. The music-teacher laughed.

"McGraw," asked the music teacher. "Do you know that Mr. York did this morning?"

McGraw arose quickly. "Comrade York?" he asked.

"Yes. The old soldier."

McGraw fished his yellow book from his pocket and read the account to himself, studying it keenly.

What he read were these three entries:

January. Eight dollars a month.

February. March. Comrade Roach. One leg. Shiloh. Twenty dollars a month.

April. May. June. Comrade York. Two legs. Gettysburg. Fifty dollars a month.

Reading these he said to himself. Com Roach stand the strain? Will that twenty stand the strain? It'll have to. The fifty will go to York's widow, and she hates me like poison. There's no more hot whisky and free lunches for that pension. Roach's twenty will have to stand the strain of April, May and June too. I'll add February to that. Eight dollars a month, and we'll drink beer. But York's gone forever."

He took a stubby pencil and drew a line through the third entry, saying audibly but without intending to be heard:

"Good-bye."

"You keep a list of your friends?" asked Burr.

"Yes," said McGraw wiping an invisible tear from his eye with his coat sleeve.

"And when they die, I cross 'em off."

## Penitentiaries and Plagiarism

Guthrie, O. T., Feb. 17.—(Special.)—Now that the Alva Normal school bill has been shelved, the next fight the kind will be a penitentiary to locate a penitentiary. Perry is playing the role of the early bird, by having introduced the first bill, but Ford Creek, Enid, Newkirk and half a dozen other places will soon present themselves as candidates for the place. Perry, by right of having a very strong candidate once before, seems to be more strictly in it than any other place. Besides, it has very able men to look after its interests in each house. Tom Doyle is the strongest man in the lower house, much stronger than any other member, with the possible exception of Mr. Barnes, and it was through locating a penitentiary, he will do it. In the upper house Senator Henry Johnston has a strong pull and will be found to be a powerful champion of the interests of Perry. No other municipal candidate for the penitentiary has such an able delegation in both houses. The only obstacle Messrs Doyle and Johnston will encounter is a sentiment in Oklahoma does not need a penitentiary at this time.

It becomes the painful duty of the correspondent of the Eagle to charge Rev. Mr. McGraw with plagiarism. As not more than four or five members of the lower house know the meaning of that word it is but right to say it does not mean that the chaplain has stolen or copied from any store or postoffice or done anything that would subject him to the criminal laws of Oklahoma. Plagiarism is a word that refers solely to theft in the mental realm. It is the stealing of another's ideas and appropriating and using them as your own. The good Rev. McGraw on Monday morning stole the prayer of one of the chaplains of the Missouri legislature and made it his own. The prayer was originally offered at Jefferson City on February 10, and Mr. McGraw used it in the Oklahoma legislature on Feb. 15. It is pretty tough when one preaches and will steal the prayer of another preacher and offer it to the Lord of hosts, who knows everything, as an original thought. It would be far better for him to do that which Rev. Jones, the singing nightingale from Enid, did yesterday, and that was to show up at all. The office of a political chaplain is a fraud and ought to be abolished. Their prayers never go farther up than the ceiling and have no more influence on the actions of the members of the legislature than they would have on the course of the stars. Their salary is money thrown away. In Oklahoma the prayers of the chaplain are the initial jokes of the day. They hurt religion. Mr. McGraw is a man of apparent honesty and Christianity, but there is no doubt but what he pilfered the prayer of the Missouri chaplain without giving him the proper credit for it.

Speaking about chaplains Mr. Rev. Henry Cheesborough of Perry has joined her husband. When Rev. Cheesborough came here he offered his services to the lower house, but he cannot get that body and heaven, but the lower house objected to him on account of his color and did not give him the job. Since then he has been offering prayers in job lots to street corners and in all kinds of corners of the people, and if he failed to get 10 cents he would call things square for a cigar. This man Cheesborough is a peculiar type of the American negro. He weighs about 100 pounds, is somewhat between 45 and 100 years of age. He wears the smallest size silk tie made, and it is fully four sizes too large for him. He wears a pair of glasses the eyes of which are as large as buttons of an alarm clock, and the coat he buttons about him is at least eight sizes too large for him. It is the discarded Prince Albert of Dr. Brengle of Perry, who is a man that weighs at least 50 pounds. He wears a pair of polka-dotted handkerchiefs for a necktie and when it is tied around his slim neck it makes him look like a butterfly with its wings partially opened. What the object of Mrs. Cheesborough's visit to the legislature is cannot be stated, but the report that she came after her distinguished husband to take him home to their eighteen children. If ever there was a "wain" born in the colored race Rev. "Cheesborough" is one of them.

A story was told here last night which illustrates how little things sometimes are reckoned in their consequences. Captain Henry Baker of Ponca City and Captain Jack Admire of Kingfisher had been warm personal friends for thirty years in Kansas and for six or seven years in Oklahoma after leaving Kansas. It is now said that they are at odds and don't talk as they go by. It was all on account of a jovial song of seventy-two verses, each verse of which is a repetition of the other. The first of the first and all succeeding verses are:

"There came from the woods

An old squaw and her Indian."

This was Captain Baker's version of the story, but Captain Admire took issue with him by insisting that the lines are:

"There came from the plains

An old squaw and her Indian."

The only difference between them was whether the squaw came from the "woods" or the "plains," but each one of them is as headstrong as the other and neither of them would yield to the other one's version and the result was the eventuation of blood between the two old friends. Their friends are trying to get them together again and to have them renew their old friendship. Both of them have been lifelong personal and political friends.

Mr. Garrison has introduced a resolution in the council resolving that it is the sense of the senate that no changes shall be made in county lines. This resolution was introduced for the purpose of forestalling an effort that is said to have been hatched by a combine organized among the senators and representatives to make new counties out of old ones and to establish new lines that will materially change the complexion of the map of three or four counties in the eastern part of the territory. Two so members of this combine are could not be named but it is pretty well settled that such a combine exists. Mr. Garrison is a man with a pretty level head on his shoulders.

W. T. Walker of Norman was in the city yesterday looking over the political situation. He says that inside of three weeks he will be leaving for every part of Oklahoma for Dennis Flynn and free homes. He does not doubt for a moment but what the bill will pass and become a law. He offers to bet all kinds of money on that, as well as on the statement that Flynn will be the next governor of the territory of Oklahoma.

The story is now in circulation that McKinley will appoint a governor for Oklahoma by telegraph on the 5th of March. It is alleged that this will be done so as to have a Republican governor in Oklahoma in time to veto the re-legislation proposed by the legislature. As to how much truth there is in the statement is a hard matter to have one say. DAVID D. LEAHY.

Right Road to Greatness. (From Atchison Globe.)

No man can become great unless the people exaggerate his best points.

That Part Not in Office. (From Topeka Journal.)

Chief Justice Frank Foster will not move his family to Topeka before next fall.

A Nose by Any Other Name. (From Detroit News.)

But even if the French name is abolished, bash will promptly adopt a new alias.

Social Qualifications. (From Atchison Globe.)

A girl isn't a social success at Atchison unless she dances a new pole in her stockings three nights in a week.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c a bottle.

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

A Kansas City paper says that President Johnson has a lionine face. The Cloud Chief Herald takes corn on subscription at 25 cents a bushel. There appears to be a slight tinge of the A.P.A. in the Oklahoma legislature. In Washington county, so a country correspondent writes, "farming has begun." James Cottingham of Guthrie is going to Washington to lobby for the Osage nation. Free homes may go through if it does at all, as a rider on the civil appropriation bill.

J. W. Johnson, the president of the council, will be the candidate for congress in 1918.

The Oklahoma legislature should repair to Rittsburg's and eat more and legislate less.

Since February 4 Sheriff Dickerson of Fort county has arrested thirty-four criminals.

A man came into a hotel at Ardmore the other day and registered as "Myself and wife."

If the Oklahoma legislature gets too high on corn it will prevent it from ever meeting again.

W. M. Melton of Tecumseh cracked J. W. Foster over the head with a cane the other day. Politics.

It is said that the first five murder cases in the territory were won by J. W. Johnson, son of the president of the council.

While McKinley is sick Oklahoma has the satisfaction of knowing that no callers from Oklahoma helped to wear him out.

Arthur Perry Daniel has a scheme in the present legislature, but no one in Guthrie so far has been able to discover it.

Leslie Niblack is the best looking man in Oklahoma. Nearly all the other looking men in Oklahoma are newspaper men.

The people of Woods county are going to have their taxes increased by the creation of Bryan county, but there seems no help for it.

What shut off the movement against the Oklahoma constitution? Did Governor Redford notify the legislature that he would veto a bill abolishing it?

A Perry Populist editor notifies his delinquent subscribers that he does not want them to pay up, but to buy a Bible apiece and do their best to get themselves saved.

Bill Bryant, a had man of Nowata county, has surrendered. The authorities swooped down on him expecting a battle, but he was peaceful and made no row at all.

Governor Vickers is getting pale and aesthetic since he has been in Guthrie. There is no one in the town who can play poker except Captain Baker and Baker swore off the first of the year.

An old man named Olmstead died at Tecumseh last week and was buried by the county. He said he had folks living in Oregon, but refused to give their address. He claimed he had been a Methodist preacher.

Enid Waver, J. S. Willis, who lives ten miles west on a school section, appeared in the city today with a perfect double-headed calf, dead. The most remarkable thing in connection with this monstrosity was that both calf heads were perfect; two well developed mouths, four well developed eyes, yet the heads were joined from right to left through the middle, leaving a natural neck and one animal otherwise, being a perfect calf outside of the strange combination of heads. The calf lost its double life through the efforts to save its mother, but had it lived would have been one of the greatest curiosities of the age. However, Mr. Willis will place the freak of nature in the hands of a taxidermist who will preserve it in its natural form.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

Jerry Simpson said the other day that the Kansas legislature has lost its head.

Judge Garver has concluded that Salina is small. He will leave for Topeka, but a burglar at Hutchinson broke his skeleton key off in a lock and had to retire empty-handed.

The Kansas City stock yards are not nervous. They will handle the Kansas legislators all right.

Captain Hansen, a Kansas man, says he called on McKinley and that McKinley's room is guarded by two armed men.

The local Populists of Emporia have met and in a set of resolutions condemned the present legislature for its inactivity.

It is charged that Lewelling is responsible for the amendment exempting railroad commissioners from the anti-pass law.

The prohibitionists of Newton met the other night and collected money to protect their hobby in the present Kansas legislature.

When Will White is away from town the editorial page of his Gazette is plate and the local Pops say the paper's fangs are drawn.

After throwing knives at him some time, the editor of the Salina Republican confesses that Cy Leland and the rhinoceros are of one side.

The Kansas legislature will in all probability pass the bill prohibiting the manufacture of oleomargarine as a personal compliment to Governor Lewelling.

A masque hall took place in Newton Saturday evening the flowers for which alone cost six dollars and eighteen cents. Mrs. Bradley-Martin. Don't mention it.

Dick West went to Reed the other day to get him to re-locate him for the purpose of appropriating the Fort Hays reservation to the state. Reed refused to do it.

Leedy will receive a good many open letters before he has finished his two years. The governors of Kansas are legitimate targets for abuse whether they do anything or not.

Henry A. Bell of Coffey county, from which Leedy comes, has passed the necessary examination and is now a cadet at West Point. Coffey county is tardy but she is coming all at once.

Bob Wright of Dodge City once gave \$50 for the skin of a white buffalo. It now belongs to the State Agricultural society. It is the only white skin of a buffalo to exist, as this was the only white buffalo ever killed.

Lawrence Journal: Mr. Calderhead, in a speech in the committee the other day, predicted a political storm. Mr. Calderhead is in this matter very like Mr. Ingalls six years ago. He predicted the storm after it had blown his house down.

The Atchison Globe thinks that before adjourning the Kansas legislature ought to pass a resolution vesting the street corners. This will afford a provision to the politicians who meet to discuss the situation and will be of lasting benefit to the Populist ticket.

Lawrence Journal: Those who saw Murat Hildreth while he was in Kansas got an idea that he held his head so high in front that he would not be able to see anything that was not elevated at an angle of at least 45 degrees. The following remark of his concerning Kansas women will, however, tend to eliminate that idea from the minds of those who read it: "It is the women who are saving the farms through the crumblers." The man here engaged in fancy farming and fancy politics until there wasn't much left of the bleeding state. The women of Kansas have generally proved to be smarter than the men. It is another version of the old case of the gray mare being the best horse.

John P. Wants Him Alive. (From Atchison Globe.)

The story that Harry P. St. John is alive, and has been seen in certain localities, did a great deal of good for the George Taylor story today. Harry St. John died in Oklahoma. The last George Taylor was buried at Olney, Ark. His remains were viewed by hundreds of his old friends, still the story of his death was so strong that a corpse was paid off for him in order to save him from the gallows. Ex-Governor St. John offers a reward of \$1,000 to any one who will produce the body of his son alive.